

# Bosses & Shooters (feat. Jay Fizzle & Bino Brown)

## Young Dolph

Can't fuck with these niggas, they cross you  
Don't fuck with them niggas, they losers  
All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters  
Baby mama mad 'cause all these bitches wanna fuck me  
In the foreign with choppers in it and that bitch go 200  
Whole clique full of bosses, all of my niggas they shooters  
All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters  
Go get the money nigga, that's all we know  
All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters  
Cuz ain't gotta introduce me  
When you see me nigga know I'm the shooter  
Keep it gangsta, young niggas ridin' with me  
Strapped with Glocks and uzis  
These bitches they snakes, they [?]  
These niggas they fake, they bogus  
Philly cheese, I'm loaded  
That's why I keep it loaded  
My main bitch say it's over  
I fucked lil shawty over  
I dropped her off at work then invited her sister over  
I'm a dog, I'm a dog, I'm a dog  
That's how I'm rolling  
Fuck lil shawty good, I got lil mama paying homage  
Riding in some foreign, with two draco's on me  
The car it go 200 so I got to keep two hundreds  
These niggas out here scared, that's why they steady running  
Paper Route, we run this, my shooters getting money  
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All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters Bino Brown, I'm bossed up  
Your bitch a dime, she get tossed up  
My ice cold, frost stuff  
I'm Ragu, sauced up  
They wanna know how I get the pack in

No NFL but I'm quarterbackin'  
Motion picture I be 'bout the action  
Go get the money, I'm chasing Jackson's  
Fuck boy, tell your bitch get off me  
I'll stalk your bucks, I ain't drinkin' coffee  
I sip the lean, I don't fuck with green  
Clip long as a movie scene  
No dressing, I love blue cheese  
Laced up like shoe strings  
Smoking nothing but gas nigga  
I'm sitting back, this blue dream  
All my niggas some bosses  
I went and seen my jeweler  
'Cause these niggas throwing some crosses  
Down with Bino and he pull up in a flying saucer  
I get 'em straight to your front door but nigga it's gon' cost ya  
You know I got to be cautious Can't fuck with these niggas, they cross you  
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Go get the money nigga, that's all we know  
All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters Circle full of bosses  
Where my top go? I just lost it  
Six thousand dollar outfit, these sneakers ain't even out yet  
Them niggas talk a lot of bullshit  
But I swear they ain't even 'bout that  
The bad bitch in the projects got 200 stashed in her closet  
No I ain't ever popped Marley, was too busy tryna cop a Rari  
If I hurt your feelings then I'm sorry  
Shit, get some head from my lil college bitch  
Count my first million, wooh  
Then I count another one, yeah  
She said she got the super head  
All my niggas 'bout that bread  
I don't smoke lemon tree  
I guess you can call me a lemonhead  
Don't fuck with these niggas, they cross you  
Can't fuck with them niggas, they fake  
All of my niggas they bosses  
Drinking codeine with my steak  
My home boy said you ballin' too hard, lil nigga be safe Can't fuck with these niggas, they cross  
you  
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